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July CASH Clearance Sale  
ThursdayThe Day to Buy Shoes  
300 pairs  
Red Cross and Queen Quality

Women's Shoes in Pumps and Oxfords, all styles, in Patent and Vici Kid, Gun Metal, Tan Calf and Suede; all sizes. This is a GENUINE SHOE VALUE. Highest class Shoes in greatest variety, worth \$3.50 to \$5.00 a pair. On sale for SIX DAYS

Beginning Thursday, July 16, at 9 a. m.

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A Great Special  
200 Pairs Misses and Children's Shoes

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All Styles and Sizes.

Sizes 1 1-2 to 5, worth \$1.25, on sale for . . . 69c  
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 Sizes 11 1-2 to 2, worth \$3.00, on sale for . . . \$1.69  
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## Golden Rule Dry Goods Co.

BLACKWELL SAYS  
COLFAX COUNTY  
PROSPEROUS

Well Known Banker Thinks  
Outlook for Business Fine in  
State. Coal Mines Escape  
Strike Trouble.

"We feel that we have been fortunate in Colfax county in that up to this time we have escaped all trace of the strike trouble which has so wrecked the coal mining interests just across the mountains in Colorado," said C. N. Blackwell, president of the First National bank of Baton, who is in the city today. Mr. Blackwell came to Albuquerque to

attend a special meeting of the Alamy Temple of the Mystic Shrine, of which he is a prominent member. He remains today to look after business interests here.

"No organizers have come into the New Mexico coal fields," said Mr. Blackwell, "and we do not believe they will. Coal operators in Colfax county have been careful in employing men; careful in their methods of handling them, and if there has been any dissatisfaction we have not heard of it. Usually there is a falling off in the demand for coal in summer and many men are laid off; but this year, while the mines are not working full crews, they are close to it and the demand for the product is holding up well."

President Goes to Ball Game.  
Washington, July 14.—President Wilson went to the ball game today. It was his first visit to the American league park this season.

FIRST VICTIM OF THE  
HUNTING SEASON IS  
CALIFORNIA CLUBMAN

(By Leased Wire to Evening Herald.)  
San Francisco, July 14.—Mistaken in the thick underbrush by his hunting companion, Elmer Cox, Jr., as a deer, A. J. Francis, a well known clubman of this city, was shot and dangerously wounded last Sunday in Madera county. Word of the accident was received here today.

## MORTUARY

Mrs. Sarah Contreras died early this morning at the local hospital. She came here from Dallas, Texas, a few days ago. Her husband, John Contreras, was with her at the end. She is survived by a son, Thomas, who has been notified of his mother's death. The remains were taken to Crockett's undertaking establishment pending the arrival of the son.

SCREECH OWL ROOSTS  
IN SENATE CORRIDOR

(By Leased Wire to Evening Herald.)  
Washington, July 14.—Roosting high on a ledge in a senate gallery corridor today, a screech owl peacefully snored while the senate was in session. Through an open door the strange visitor was in plain view of Vice President Marshall. The bird showed no interest in the anti-trust legislation or in the introduction of bills and resolutions, but just kept on snoozing.

POULTRYMEN TO MEET  
IN CLUB THURSDAY

A meeting of the Albuquerque Poultry association will be held in the Commercial club Thursday night at 8 o'clock. All members and others interested in the association and its work are invited to be present.

Herald want. 2 lines—2 times—2 dimes.

KING WILL AGAIN  
APPEARS IN THE  
LAW COURT

Widow Objects to Executor's Report, Because King's Aunt Got Bequest Before Testament Was Smashed.

Objection by Mrs. Ruth L. King to the report of A. B. Stroup as executor of the will of her husband will be heard in the district court. The matter was appealed from the probate court today, after Judge Baron Borg had rendered his formal judgment to facilitate transfer to the other court.

The will left an aunt of Mr. King—Mrs. Gross, of Fulton, Mo.—\$1,000 in cash, and directed that \$2,500 be placed on deposit in a St. Louis trust company for Mrs. King. She was to receive the income from the \$2,500 for ten years, but was required to remain a widow for that length of time to obtain possession of the principal. It was provided that if she married within ten years the money should go to the aunt.

Mrs. King attacked the will, and the district court set it aside as invalid on technical grounds.

When the will was offered for probate no valid objection to it was raised, and it was admitted. Mr. Stroup set out executing the provisions and, according to the report he has filed, he paid the \$1,000 bequest to Mrs. Gross. Mrs. King objects to approval of the report because of that payment.

In the probate court today, at a continued hearing, Judge Borg overruled Mrs. King's objection and approved the report. Exception was taken to the ruling and the case went to the district court.

The will of Robert A. Samuels was admitted to probate. H. B. Jamison filed declaration as executor, and on petition of J. Dennis, one of the creditors of the estate, Claude Hutto was appointed administrator. He gave bond in \$500.

Mrs. Percy R. Arnold was appointed guardian of Susan Smith without bond.

The claim of Mrs. Metcalfe against the Jacob Chubb estate was disallowed because it was not filed in time.

The final report of Mrs. Van Meter as executrix under the will of her husband, Frank H. Van Meter, was approved and the executrix discharged.

H. P. Owen was appointed administrator of the Ollie Britte estate. He was required to file a bond for \$2,000.

Hearing on the final report of the Sawtelle & Hicks estate was continued to July 21. Court adjourned to that date.

## REMEMBER

This week  
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chance to  
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Promises

A Stirring  
Story of the  
Mexican  
Revolution

By  
DANE COOLIDGE  
Author of "The Fighting Post," "White  
Waves," "The Trenches," etc.  
Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

She was looking at him now as he searched out the trail ahead, but he pretended not to hear. One man in that pass was as good as a hundred, and there were only two things he could do—shoot his way through, or turn back. He believed she would not want to turn back.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Though the times had turned to war, all nature that morning was at peace, and they rode through a valley of flowers like knight and lady in a pageant. The rich grass rose knee-deep along the hillsides, the desert trees were flung with the tenderest green and twined with morning-glories, and in open glades the poppies and sand-verbena spread forth masses of blue and gold.

Already on the mesquit-trees the mocking-birds were singing, and bright flashes of tropical color showed where cardinal and yellow-throat passed. The dew was still untouched upon the grass, and yet they hurried on, for some premonition whispered to them of evil, and they thought only to gain the far pass.

Beyond that lay comparative safety, but no man knew what dangers lurked between them and that cleft in the mountains. Del Rey and his rurales or Brava and his rebels might be there. In fact, one or the other probably was there, and if so there would be a fight, a fight against heavy odds if he were alone, and odds that would be greatly increased because he must protect Gracia.

To the west and north rose the high and impassable mountain which had barred their way in the night; across the valley the flat-topped Fortunas threw their bulwark against the dawn; and all behind was broken hills and gulches, any one of which might give up armed men. Far ahead, like a knife-gash between the ridges, lay the pass to the northern plains, and as their trail swung out into the open they put spurs to their horses and galloped.

Once through that gap, the upper country would be before them and they could pick and choose. Now they must depend upon speed and the chance that their way was not blocked.

Somewhere in those hills to the east Bernardo Bravo and his men were hidden. Or perhaps they were scattered, turned by their one defeat into roving bandits or vengeful partisans, laying waste the Sonoran ranches as they fought their way back to Chihuahua. There were a hundred evil chances that might befall the fugitives, and while Bud scanned the country ahead Gracia cast anxious glances behind.

"They are coming!" she cried at last, as a moving spot appeared in the rear. "Oh, there they are!"

"Good!" breathed Hooker, as he rose in his stirrups and looked.

"Why, good?" she demanded, curiously.

"They're only three of 'em," answered Bud. "I was afraid they might be in front," he explained, as she gazed at him with a puzzled smile.

"Yes," she said; "but what will you do if they catch us?"

"They won't catch us," replied Hooker confidently. "Not while I've got my rifle. Ah!" he exclaimed, still looking back, "now we know all about it—that scoundrel Manuel del Rey!"

"And will you kill him?" challenged Gracia, rousing suddenly at the name. Hooker pretended not to hear. Instead, he cocked his eye up at the eastern mountain, whence from time to time came muffled rifle-shots, and turned his horse to go. There was trouble over there to the east somewhere—Alvarez and his Yaquis, still harrying the retreating rebels—and some of it might come their way.

With Del Rey behind them, even though in sight, he was the least of their troubles, and could be easily cared for with a ride shot if they could not distance him. Hooker knew that the two rurales with him would not continue the pursuit if their leader was out of the way, so that it would not be necessary to injure more than one man.

"Ah, how I hate that man!" raged Gracia, spurring her horse as she scowled back at the galloping Del Rey and his men who were riding onward rapidly.

"All right," observed Bud with a quizzical smile, "I'll have to kill him for you then!"

She gazed at him a moment with eyes that were big with questioning, but the expression on his rugged face baffled her.

"I would not forget it," she cried impulsively. "No, after all I have suffered, I think I could love the man who would meet him face to face! But why

do you—ah!" she cried, with a sudden tragic bitterness. "You smile! You have no thought for me—you care nothing that I am afraid of him! Ah, then, for a man who is brave—to rid me of this devil!"

"Never mind!" returned Bud, his voice thick with rising anger. "If I kill him it won't be for you!"

He jumped Copper Bottom ahead to avoid her, for in that moment she had touched his pride. Yes, she had done more than that—she had destroyed a dream he had, a dream of a beautiful woman, always gentle, always noble, whom he had sworn to protect with his life. Did she think he was a peledo Mexican, a hot-country lover, to be inflamed by a glance and a smile? Then Phil could have her, and welcome. Her thrills had lessened his burden. Now his fight was but a duty to his partner in the performance of which he would be no less careful, but to turn her over to Phil would not now be painful.

"Ah, Bud!" she appealed, spurring up beside him. "You did not understand! I know you are brave—and if he comes"—she struck her pistol fiercely—"I will kill him myself!"

"Never mind," answered Bud in a kinder voice. "I'll take care of you. Just keep your horse in the trail," he added, as she rode on through the brush, "and I'll take care of Del Rey."

He beckoned her back with a jerk of the head and resumed his place in the lead. Here was no place to talk about men and motives. The mountain above was swarming with rebels, there were rurales spurring behind—yes, even now, far up on the eastern hillside, he could see armed men—and now one was running to intercept them!

Bud reached for his rifle, jerked up a cartridge, and sat crosswise in his saddle. He rode warily, watching the distant runner, until suddenly he pulled in his horse and threw up a welcoming hand. The man was Amigo—no other could come down a hillside so swiftly—and he was signaling him to wait.

"Who is that man?" asked Gracia, as she reined in at his side. "Do you know him?"

"Sure do!" responded Hooker jovially. "He's the best friend I got in Mexico!"

"Kai, Amigo!" he barked, as the Yaqui came quivering down the hill, and, apparently oblivious of the oncoming pursuers, he rode out of the trail to meet him. They shook hands and Amigo flashed his familiar smile, glancing shyly over the horse's back at the daughter of the Aragona.

"I knew the horse," he explained, with a gentle caress for Copper Bottom. "My people—up there—kill Mexicans! Where you go?"

"North—to the line," answered Bud, pointing up the pass.

"May malo!" frowned the Yaqui, glancing once more at the woman behind. "Muchos revoltosos!"

"Where?" asked Bud.

"Everywhere!" replied Amigo with a comprehensive wave of the hand. "But no matter," he added simply, "I will go with you. Who are these horsemen behind?"

"Rurales!" responded Hooker, and the Yaqui's black eyes dilated.

"Yes," nodded Bud as he read the swift question in their glance. "He is there, too—Del Rey!"

"Que bueno!" exclaimed the Indian, fixing his eagle glance upon the riders. He showed his white teeth in a smile. In an instant he saw his opportunity, he saw his enemy riding into a trap, and turned his face to the pass.

"What Amigo had waited for, the opportunity he had watched for, was at hand. Del Rey should pay the price of that scar the Yaqui carried. Not again would the bullet go astray, and his people should have one less Mexican to fight after that day. The hatred of generations lay behind the thoughts of the Indian. He cared nothing for the grievance of the girl, and he would not kill Del Rey for the sake of his own reasons."

"Come!" he said, laying hold of a latigo strap, and as Hooker leaped on up the steady incline he ran along at his stirrup. In his right hand he still carried the heavy Mauser, but his sandaled feet bore him forward with tireless stride and only the heaving of his mighty chest told the story of the pace.

"Let me take your gun," suggested Hooker, as they set off on their race, but Amigo in his warrior's pride only shook his head and motioned him on and on. So at last they gained the rugged summit, where the granite ribs of the mountain crop up through the sands of the wash and the valley slopes away to the north. To the south was Del Rey, still riding after them, but Amigo beckoned Bud beyond the roof and looked out to the north.

"Revoltosos!" he exclaimed, pointing a sun-blackened hand at a distant ridge. "Revoltosos!" he said again, waving his hand to the east. "Here," waving toward the west, "no!"

"Do you know that country?" inquired Hooker, nodding at the great plain with its chains of parallel Sierras, but the Indian shook his head.

"No," he said; "but the best way is straight for that pass."

He pointed at a distant wedge cut down between the blue of two ridges, and scanned the eastern hills intently.

"Men!" he cried, suddenly indicating the sky-line of the topmost ridge. "I think they are revoltosos," he added gravely. "They will soon cross your trail."

"No difference," answered Bud with a smile. "I am not afraid—not with you here, Amigo."

"No, but the woman!" suggested Amigo, who read no jest in his words. "It is better that you should ride on—and leave two hers."

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

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